

BRAVE LOVE.  
He'd nothing but his violin.  
I'd nothing but his song.  
But we were not when skies were blue.  
And summer days were long.  
And when we rested by the hedge  
The robins came and told  
How they had dared to woo and win  
When early spring was cold.  
We sometimes supped on dewberries  
Or slept among the hay;  
But oft the farmers' wives at eve  
Came out to hear us play.  
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes,  
We could not starve for long.  
While my man had his violin.  
And I my sweet love song.  
The world has gone well with us,  
Old man, since we were one;  
Our homeless wandering down the lanes,  
It long ago was done.  
But those who wait for gold or gear,  
For houses and for kine,  
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and  
old are  
And love and beauty time  
Will never know the joy of hearts  
That met without a fear.  
When you had but your violin  
And I a song, my dear.  
—Yankee Blade.

### THE OLD MILL.

"Do I know anything about the ruins of this old mill? Well, yes, stranger, I should say I did, if any one does. It belongs to me, or rather to my wife, what there is of it. I tell you I owe much to this old mill."  
The speaker was dressed in homespun, and appeared to be a thrifty farmer of forty-five. I had taken a walk before breakfast one morning as an appetizer out from Jonesboro, where I was attending court, and was standing by the ruins of the old mill when he came up. The roof had fallen in, windows and doors disappeared. The old water wheel had crumbled to decay and green ivy covered the ruins. The dam was now leveled to a road, and a cabbage patch had taken the place of the mill pond.  
We took a seat on a moss grown log by the side of the ruin, and he continued:  
"I was with Stonewall during the war, and had some pretty tough times, some narrow escapes and some hard tramps, but the close call and hard tramp that this old mill once caused me made all of my war experience seem, at least for a time, like a pleasure trip. This was the first mill built on Cedar creek, and was built many years ago by old man Ben White, who lies up yonder on the hill.  
"After the surrender our army was disbanded, and the most on us was pretty close run. We had nothing, and no way to get anything. I was only about twenty-one then. I was strolling round looking for something to do, and I happened along this road one morning. Well, that morning the wheel was in action. The gate was histed and the water was skurrying through. Old Ben White was standing in the door. I says: 'Morning, sir. Can I get a job here?' He took off his spectacles, wiped 'em, put 'em back on and looked at me.  
"Soldier?" says he.  
"I was," says I, "till the surrender."  
"Lucker than my boys," says he, "one of them staid behind down at Stone river. The other's lying up there on the hill, shot in front of Richmond and come to die," and the old man took


the revolving wheel and the grinding mill drowned my voice. We couldn't get out. The plank from the mill had fallen in the water when the wheel started, and gone floating down the stream. The water poured through the cracks in the old wheel all over us. The deep hole was full now. There were two feet of water in the bottom of the wheel. Tramp, tramp, tramp through two, now three feet of water. I held Kitty by the hand, and we kept on our tramp. I was praying it might be a small grist. Neighbors often brought a two bushel bag of corn to be ground in a hurry. I thought that if that was the extent of the grist we might stand it. We kept up our march till Kitty gave out. The water and the tramp, tramp had numbed her limbs. Her lips moved, but I could hear nothing she said. I only knew that she was sinking down in the water. I picked her up in my arms, with one hand put her arms around my neck and resumed my tramp in the middle of the wheel.  
"I believe I felt happier than I had ever felt in my life. I held Kitty in my arms. Her arms were around my neck, though I did put them there. I could feel her breath on my cheek. I could walk now easier than before, but even with Kitty in my arms I began to tire. My footsteps were more uncertain. My limbs began to feel numb. At least I could die with Kitty. I looked at her face. Her eyes were closed. Had she fainted? I put my lips close to her ear. They touched her face. 'Kitty! Kitty!' Her eyes opened. Our lips met. Her arms drew tighter around my neck. My brain whirled. Was I becoming unconscious? I could feel that I was reeling as I walked. The water from above ceased to fall. The wheel stopped. Some one leaped in. I knew no more.  
"When I came to I was lying in bed. Kitty was sitting by my side, my hand in hers. I had been delirious for a week. As my eyes met hers she said, 'Alex, dear Alex,' and she stooped and kissed me. That kiss brought back to my bewildered brain the events that led to it. I did not regret them.  
"Uncle Ben had come down to the mill, and not seeing the boat thought, of course, we had gone up the pond. He lifted the floodgate and started the mill to grind a small grist. Finally he chanced to see the boat with the neighbor in it out in the pond. He knew that we sometimes fished from the wheel, and with trembling hands closed the gate, rushed down and into the wheel, to find me reeling and staggering like a drunken man in the water with Kitty in my arms. He got us out, but I fell unconscious.  
"The next spring a fresher carried the old dam away, and new mills having been built in Jonesboro we reclaimed the land where the pond had been, and the old mill had gone to decay. Kitty and I were married that fall. Father and mother lived to see our children playing round the ruins of the old mill, and died within a month of each other.  
"Now, I've told you the story of the old mill, and if you'll come up to the house and have a cup of coffee before you go back to town I'll show you the wife I won in the old mill wheel; and when you take a look at my daughter Kitty you'll see my wife as she was when we entered it that day. Two years after

General Surgery.  
The man eating tiger both cunning and audacious, ascribed by Sir Samuel Baker came the victim of a practical joke. The old and m but a powerful beast of all but ferocity. It was a wayman, which infested a road, and frequently carried ere of bullock carts to fear in the jungle.  
The natives feared to travel at night, and it became together. This, however, precaution, for the tiger seized of the hindmost cart and with him in spite of the ci left behind.  
At length Mr. Duff, the sent of police, provided two each drawn as usual by tw The leading one was fitted bars of bamboo, which form penetrable cage. In this the seated, and Mr. Duff himself a face toward the rear, propa through the bars at the mo tack.  
This would have been an ex personated by a dummy str straw, which might prove to the tiger's eye but would har his palate.  
Slowly the carts moved the dreaded path. Suddenly the roar and crash in the jungle. tiger bounded forth, seized the driver and dragged him away. Nothing could have been better planned chance, necessary to success, forgotten. No sooner had roared and bounded upon the the bullocks, terrified beyond full gallop across the coun lowed by the other team, all in est panic.  
It was impossible to fire, and few seconds of desperate chari both carts capsize, and lay, animals, in a heap on the grou victorious man eater, victim of must have considered a practic was left to a dry meal of a straw carter, instead of the juicy na had expected to get.  
Expensive Portraits.  
The ladies of Gotham are very the gentlemen of this place. They are presenting them with miniature themselves exquisitely painted on Time was when a simple photo, was good enough for anybody's low. Then a cabinet must be for him, or a panel nearly as large and as natural as the camera cor it. Now it costs twenty-five dollars to give one's likeness to one's divi it must be upon the finest of ivory and so beautifully tinted but a real artist can do the work. The most approved ivory liken no larger than the pictures of Washington upon our postage And they are designed to be fitted a locket which is to be worn on watch chain. Twenty-five dollars very cheapest sum for which the likeness can be obtained. They are fifty dollars, but an artist who specialty of these sa

### A HOSPITAL.

A suggestion to the Mountaineer Hospital Association.

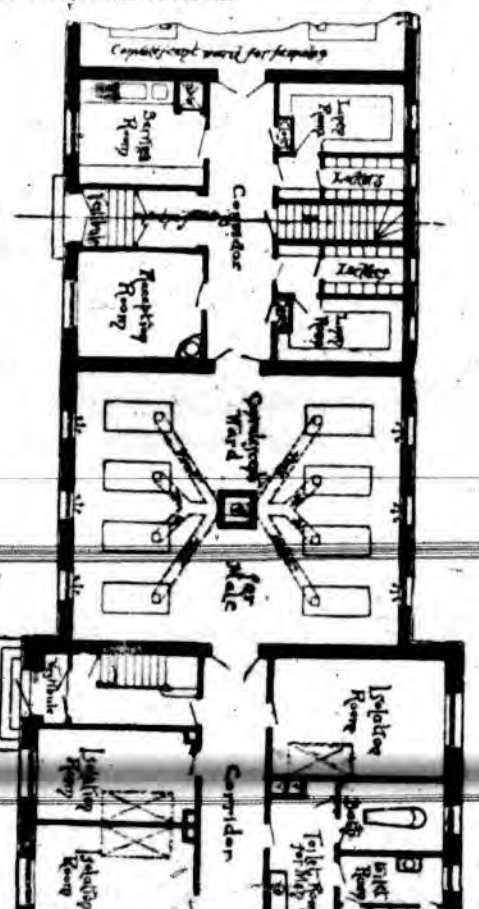
In the illustrations given are shown a perspective view and one-half plans each of the first and second stories of a hospital for contagious diseases. This system can be arranged to meet the requirements of a large city, small town or village. One-half the building is intended for male patients and the other half for females.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF HOSPITAL.

In all cases the site and arrangement should be such as to provide for the extension of hospital accommodations in the event of an epidemic. As the population in country districts is small and widely distributed, the proportion of the beds to the number of inhabitants should be about one in 500. A town of 10,000 inhabitants would require about twenty beds. The hospital should contain two wards, each with eight beds, with at least three rooms, each with a single bed, for the reception of doubtful cases. These could undergo isolation and inspection until their true nature was determined.

In addition there should be a building containing a room for the visiting physician, a sitting room and bedroom for the matron and sleeping apartments for the nurses and cook, kitchen and dining room, etc. This building is sometimes connected with the main hospital building by means of a covered passage, but in the case of contagious and infectious diseases it should be entirely detached from the hospital building. The cubic space required for each patient should not be less than 1,500 feet, with a floor space of at least 100 square feet. The windows in the wards should be on opposite sides, opening to the air both at the top and bottom.



ONE HALF FIRST STORY PLAN.

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Centre Market,  
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PRIME FRESH, CORNED, AND SMOKED  
MEATS,  
Poultry, Game, etc.


ALSO,  
A Full Assortment of  
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES  
IN THEIR SEASON.

Fresh Fish and Oysters  
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Special attention given to Transient Guests.

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Separate Dining-Room for Ladies.

Meals Served at all Hours, Day or Night.

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Estimates cheerfully furnished on any plan and specifications. Jobbing promptly attended to. Sole agent in Bloomfield for Curry's and Blind Fixture; can be attached to old or new blinds; simple, durable, cheap.

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Having been in business since 1868, with twenty years' experience, I guarantee to give satisfaction to all who may employ me.

### John Rassbach & Son,

Florists and Nurserymen.  
Cor. Midland and Maolis Aves.

you ever won  
"Well, that don't make much difference," said he; "business is picking up and you can stay. I'm getting old. I'll pay you what I can afford to. We can tell better in a week or two. Have you been to breakfast?"  
"I have not," I said.  
"Well, go to the house," said he. "Tell Kitty (that's my daughter, the only one the Yankees didn't kill) to give you breakfast, and come back; you can work on the dam to-day. There's some leaks that need stopping."  
"So I went over the hill to the house. I still had my Confederate uniform on, and Mrs. White met me on the piazza. I saw tears on her cheeks, and I suppose the uniform reminded her of her own boys. I told her I was going to work for Mr. White, and that he sent me over for breakfast. So we went in, and she called Kitty, who soon had my breakfast on the table. Kitty was about four years younger than I, the picture of health, cheeks as red as roses. Her sparkling eyes kindled a spark in my heart that has never gone out. After breakfast I went back, and Kitty went with me to tend the mill while her father went to breakfast. He showed me the leaks in the dam before he went.  
"In fact, I worked a week patching up the old dam, and after that I worked in the mill and on the farm and in the garden; drove the produce to town, and became more and more attached to the place and to Ben and Martha White and to Kitty. How I did love that girl! I was never so happy as when listening to the music of her voice. I shall never forget the evenings spent in the big front room before the open fireplace when I was Ben White's hired man—Ben and Martha, and Kitty and I. I used to crack hickory nuts and butternuts on an old flat iron, and Kitty popped corn, while the winter wind was whistling outside.  
"In summer Kitty and I used to go fishing. Sometimes we would go up the pond in the boat, and sometimes when the mill was not running we'd go down there and get inside the big wheel and fish in the deep hole. There's where we generally got the finest fish. One day we had just got our fishing tackle out of the mill, and was hesitating whether to go up the pond or down in the wheel, when a neighbor came over and asked us to lend him the boat. He took it, and we went down in the wheel. We'd been fishing probably an hour, and caught some fine ones, when all of a sudden down poured the water from the flood-gate above, and the wheel commenced turning. The sudden start threw us both down. I got on my feet in an instant and helped Kitty up, and we commenced to tramp in the direction opposite to the way the wheel was moving. We had to in order to keep our feet. I was calling as loud as I could, but it was of no use. "The noise made by the falling water,

and left the a. f. Knox county, where we spend part of our time; but there's no place so dear to Kitty and me as the farm on Cedar creek, for its soil covers the remains of dear old Ben and Martha, and here, besides, are the ruins of the old mill."—H. E. Scott in Chicago News.

### Modern Furnace and Modern Stove.

A little over a century ago Mr. Street, of London, took up the old Roman idea of a hypocast and made a furnace, which was warranted to warm all parts of the house, to conserve the heat and save the fuel, and to overcome all the objections against stoves and braziers. He must have had a good time fulfilling his guarantee, for the best furnace makers of this later age cannot always accomplish all they desire or all that Mr. Street promised. But in any one of a dozen good furnaces the problem of heating is perhaps as well settled as it ever can be while we get our heat from burning fuel. But the furnace has by no means driven the older stove out of use. Never was the enterprise of stove-making carried on to so great extent as now. Never were so many stoves made and sold, never were such skill and art expended in their manufacture, and never were they such things of beauty as now. The modern parlor heater is a triumph no less in art than in utility. To the very greatest possible extent it controls the heat generated, reducing and almost suspending combustion, conveying the gases away perfectly, and even aiding in the work of purifying the atmosphere of the room, and at the same time intense heat can be produced with the minimum of trouble.—Chicago Herald.

### Washington's Sword.

When John Brown went to conquer the south with twenty-three men he believed that the less he trusted arms of flesh the more Jehovah might be depended on to unsheath his sword. The only other sword Brown considered worthy to be used by the Almighty was that which Washington was said to have received from Frederick the Great. One of Brown's men (Cook) came as a spy to Bel Air, and was hospitably shown the 'Washington relics' for which he inquired. Brown told Colonel Washington, after taking him prisoner, that he wished to get hold of the sword "because it has been used by two successful generals." The superstition cost him dear. In order to get the sword Brown detached six of his men to go after it—five miles away. He thus lost half a day, and all chance of escape. Seventeen lives were offered as an altar before this mythical sword.—Century.

### Not a Physical Possibility.

Alec—Good heavens! Can't that fellow hold his tongue?  
Joe—No reason why he shouldn't. His mouth is big enough to get a gander in, if necessary.—Kate Field's Washington.

non. And so one must pay no more than that in this country.  
Another dainty personal gift is a likeness of one's self painted upon a coffee cup which is to adorn the bachelor quarters of one's best love. If painted by an artist who understands china painting, the colors do not change in the firing, and the effect is as lovely as could be desired.  
Still another way of giving one's likeness to one's best love is by having it painted upon the inside of the case of his watch. This method possesses one advantage over those previously mentioned, namely, that of endurance. Seasons may wax and wane. Time may come and time may go, but as long as the ticking of that particular watch goes on, just so long will the dainty, smiling features look out from the inside of the green cover. Nothing can erase it and nothing can cover it up save another picture painted over it. And shame be upon the artist who could be prevailed upon to do so ruthlessly a deed.—New York World.

### Sympathy with Suffering.

Unless there be some sympathy with suffering there will be nothing done for its relief, and the ties of human brotherhood will be quickly sundered. If it is a blessing that we are unable to feel the full force of another's sorrow, it is no less a blessing that we have the capacity of feeling a part of it. And this capacity usually needs development rather than restraint. For a few who may grieve unwarrantably for their fancied insensibility there are multitudes who are sadly deficient in sympathy and never grieve at all about it. It should never be forgotten that all social happiness, all mutual benefactions and all true benevolence are founded on the presence of sympathy. Were it not for this we should be miserable and misery giving egoists.—New York Ledger.

### Pearls in Oysters.

The pearl oyster is a valued member of the family. Some produce pearl for buttons and ornamentation, and some the gem. The latter is simply a result of the oyster's attempt to protect itself from some foreign substance. Thus, if a minute grain of sand finds its way into the shell, the animal will immediately envelope it with a nacreous or pearly coating, which if continued results in a perfect gem. The pearls attached to the shells are layers of nacre heaped up to prevent the onward march of a borish parasite seeking entrance from without. In Ceylon 17,000,000 pearl oysters were destroyed lately to produce \$90,000 worth of pearls.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Bound to Be a Success.

"Charley Sawyer's play is bound to be a success."  
"Why are you so sanguine about it?"  
"Well, you see, Charley has just a chance not to play the leading role."—Judge.

### ONE HALF SECOND STORY PLAN.

1. Sitting room. 2. Bathroom. 3. Hall. 4. Servants' room. 5. Servants' room. 6. Isolating room. 7. Servants' room. 8. Toilet room. 9. Corridor. 10. Isolating room. 11. Isolating room.

These wards are thoroughly ventilated by a large shaft built of masonry located in the center of the rooms; the foul air is drawn off through registers placed in the floor directly under each bed. At the extreme ends of the building are the isolating rooms, baths and toilet rooms, as shown, each ventilated by separate flues. These wings are arranged with an outside entrance, so that they may, when desired, be cut off from the wards.

This building is of brick, and would be suitable for a city, but the same principle could be employed in erecting a less expensive structure. For example, the main building could be constructed entirely of wood, one story in height, and the extra toilet and isolating rooms in the second story omitted, in which case the building could be erected for about \$10,000.

D. W. KING.

### Nothing to Do With the Case.

Maud—Jack tells me that he has never loved any one before.  
Ethel—Well, excuse me for telling you, but he and I were once engaged.  
Maud—Oh, I didn't ask him about engagements. I only asked him about love.  
—Munsey's Weekly.

### The Hope for Advertising.

A long necked young man, who wears abnormally high collars, was the other day applied to by an eminent firm of soap merchants in Vienna for permission to advertise their wares on the said collars.—Pittsburgh Courier.

### LEWIS DAWKINS,

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—Fine Teas and Coffees a Specialty.  
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Prices always in accord with New York markets. Deliveries daily. Your patronage solicited.

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